How Culbert and His Crew Fell Victims to the Ingenuity and Muscle of Laughing Casotte the Year Before "L'Annee des Dix Bateaux."

Captain Kidd himself was no more daring and no more murderous than were the leaders of those various bands of pirates who

ers of those various bands of pirates who infested the Mississippi River in the latter years of the Elighteenth Century. That was before civilization had done more than send her advance guards into this region; but not until after that advance guard had established a rich trade between its stations. For what is there that pirates may prey upon if there be no commerce? Your pirate, whether on sea or river, has no use for those regions in which there are no goods that may seek market and, in the seeking, expose themselves to peril and their custodians to death.

There was almost a chain of pirates extending from a few miles below St. Louis to a few miles above Cairo in the early eighties of the Eighteenth Century. Their existence was brief-from the time when the commercial trade between St. Louis and New Orleans grew important enough to war the Last of the Journey, rant the expenditure of a robber band's time and attention upon it to the other time, not far distant, when it grew too great to be successfully and safely interfered with But in those few years an enormous amount of goods was stolen and scores of lives were sacrificed.

And this story has to tell of the blow which was virtually the destruction of the Mississippi River pirate industry.

The Start of the Barge Of M. Beausoliel.

It was three years after the great flood-"annee des grands eaux," the Frenchmen of Louisiana called it—which occurred in June, 1784. In the spring of 1787 M. Francis Beausoliel started from New Orleans with a richly laden barge, expecting to sell his cargo to the citizens of St. Louis and reap a great harvest of livres. His barge was fitted out as luxuriously as

possible, and the crew that manned it comprised a score of men. There were car-locks and huge oars for rowing; there were windlasses for the ropes which, fastened to trees along the shore, might give help when the current was too strong for the oarsmen to overcome; and there was one big white sail, square-cut, which might be used when ind was in the right direction.

The departure of the barge late in March, 1787, was an important event in the local history of New Orleans; for it was a large berge and the most richly freighted one that ver started up the big river. M. Beausoliel had all his fortune in the venture: his cash had gone to purchase the boat; was called Beausoner's Island. Now was had gone to purchase the boat; washed away or has become a par the mainland, one cannot learn which. slaves had bought the provisions.

was a momentous enterprise for M. Beausoliel and an historic one for New Orleons. So it was no wonder that M. Beau-Plans to Attack. al was anxious; and no wonder that when the barge began its trip, with the first glimpse of daylight one March morning, the low river front of New Orleans was lined with villagers, who waved their hands and hats and kerchiefs and shouted "bon voy-

A Thousand-Mile Trip Rowing Against the Current.

The trip for a thousand miles was prosaic. Now and then a favorable wind would fill out the big, square-cut sall and send the heavy barge plowing stolidly against the swift-flowing current; but for the most part it was a steady battle of oars and ropes against the current and the wind.

But there were intervals of rough feasting and rougher song. With the fall of dark-ness each day the barge was dragged toward the shore and tied up; for it was a tortuous and unmarked path that was being followed, and unmarked path that was being tollowed, with snags protruding their ugly heads upward from many hidden sandbars and huge tree trunks riding madly upon the waters with the force of battering rams, that the hunter displays when there is in which his comrades joined.

boat and its more precious cargo when night had hidden the dangers from view; and so the brawny crew would draw close to shore and, with work forgotten for the time that must clapse before the first rays of the more was pulling, and the crew as pulling, and the crew was pulling, and they would be at the end of their up journey. There was a wild seramble, but it was a peculiar laugh—loud, strong and the halting to the barge again. The wind had died down, and the crew was pulling heartly at the oars. A hundred miles, and they would be at the end of their up journey. There was a wild scramble, but it was a peculiar laugh—loud, strong and the barge again. The wind had died down, should be are sufficiently as a peculiar laugh—loud, strong and the barge again. The wind had died down, should be are sufficiently as a peculiar laugh—loud, strong and the barge again. The wind had died down, should be are sufficiently as a peculiar laugh—loud, strong and the barge again. The wind had died down, should be are sufficiently as a peculiar laugh—loud, strong and the barge again. The wind had died down, should be are sufficiently as a peculiar laugh—loud, strong and the barge again. The wind had died down, should his bard. There was a wild scramble, but it was a peculiar laugh—loud, strong and the barge again. The wind had died down, should his bard. There was a wild scramble, but it was a peculiar laugh—loud, strong and the barge again. The wind had died down, should his bard. There was a wild scramble, but it was a peculiar laugh—loud, strong and the barge again. The wind had died down, should his bard. There was a wild scramble, but the deck, now and then halting to frythmical clap of brawny hands. He through his brain.

The second day out they caught wild he barge again. The wind had died down, should his draw the closely day of the barge again. The wind had died down, strong and the crew was pulling to the day of brawny hands. He through his brain.

The second day out they caught wild had the crew had the closely day of br of another day of toll, would spend their hours bellowing songs that had been learned in France and swearing rough oaths the while they told of marvelous adventures and drank deeply of strong red wine and golden brandy.

The hills of Natchez, the sheer bluffs of Memphis, the swamps of the St. Francis basir and the wide mouth of the Ohio had been passed at last, and the time until the end of the journey was being computed in days instead of in months, as at the start, or in weeks, as had been the manner later

Passing the Ohio and Beginning

It was well into May when the barge had passed the Ohlo and begun the last stage of the long trip. All the chill was out of the night air, and the sun beat down hot and straight during the long days. The water glistened in moonlight and dazzled in sunlight. The closely wooded shores were dark-ly green, and day and night, blg-throated frogs beliewed a chorus which was taken up by beast and bird and orchestrated by droning insects. At long, long intervals there came the sharp report of a rifle; now and then a red face would peer curiously from between the trees on either bank. And all through the day there was the rattle of oarlocks, the curses of men tug-ging at ropes, and, when the wind was fair, the clanking of yardarm and mast. At night there was the halt, and then louder songs and more thrilling stories and deeper curses and longer drafts of wine.

One hundred and thirty-five miles below

St. Louis, on the Missouri side of the river. there was a break in the solid wooded border of the shore. Here a sluggish creek, that began its course some twenty miles to the southwest and wound its slow way be-tween low banks that were broken in many places by other sluggish streams, poured its feeble strength into the Mississippl. One hundred and fourteen years ago this creek had no name; twenty years later it was called Cottonwood Creek. Its mouth was a few miles below Grand Tower, and ten miles above it was a wooded island that was half a sandbar. This Island, likewiss, had no name in 1787; a few years later it was called Beausoliel's Island. Now it is washed away or has become a part of

Culbert's Pirates Lay

In May, 1787, the creek was the headquarters of the most dangerous and daring band of pirates that ever infested the Mis sissippl. An Englishman, named James Culbert, was the leader; his first lieutenant was Joseph Magilbray, who called himself was Joseph Magnoray, who caned himself a Welshman. The party itself was com-posed of as precious a lot of renegade Frenchmen, Spaniards, Americans, Indians and negroes as ever remained unhung. Every man of them was a daredevil, who hesitated not at any kind of plunder or murder so long as there was the promise of 10 livres in the job.

As Beausolell's barge neared the mouth of Cottonwood Creek one of Culbert's men saw it. Preparations were made for an attack, but a strong breeze sent the neavy boat swiftly north, and it was soon hid behind

Culbert swore impotently for an Icar; then he and his band began a desperate march up the river—swimming creeks, wading through marshes, clambering over fallen logs—bent upon heading off the him a first further proclaimed him a negro.

He was Casotte, slave and body servant of M. Beausoiell, and cook for the bargs crew.

"Come, Casotte," called a youth

more, or five at the most, St. Louis would be reached.

Five miles up the river was the island which later came to be known as Beausolell's Island. It was plainly in sight of the crew, and Beausolell determined to the up there for the night. The robbers guessed as much; and when the barge reached the island and the crew carried the lines to the shore and made them fast to three trunks Culbert was opposite, on the mainland, gathering his forces for the stroke.

Casotte's Gay Dance to the Music of His Laugh.

Darkness brought the crew upon deck. A waning moon split the blackness of the eastern sky, but gave scarcely more light than did the glow of the busy pipes be-tween the lips of the lounging men. The singing and the story-telling and the drinking began quietly enough; but ere long there was a roar of voices that drowned even the chorus that filled the forests on mainland and island.

time to the song that was being shouted.
"That is what it would be like should I dance to your music! See! This is how I would dance." His head was thrown back again, and the peculiar laugh burst forth. But this time

it was a different laugh, for all that it was It was a dance tune, rippling and rolling in perfect time for the steps that the negro's feet began now to take. The bargemen sprang from their seats

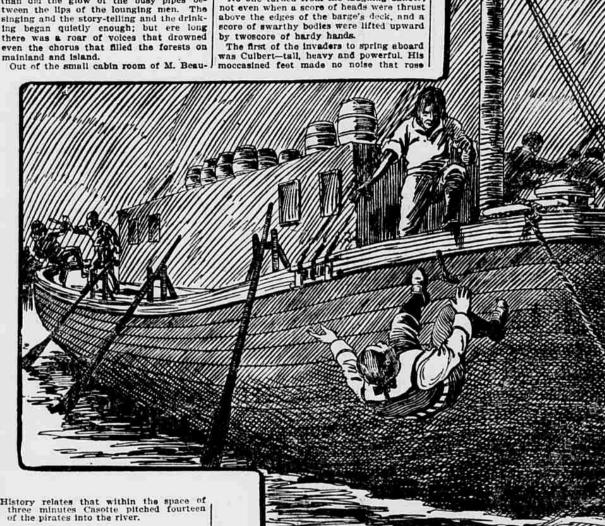
and crowded themselves in a circle around

Casotte. Some began to beat time with

Culbert's Band Joins Casotte's Audience.

their open palms.

No one turned from the laughing dancer; by twoscore of hardy hands.



Culbert's heavy hand fell on the shoulder of one of the spectators, and Culbert's pistol barrel struck him sharply on the side of

the others, bound hand and foot, were lying ed his pistol, held it at the opening of the helpless upon the deck. With them was hatch and fired upon the mass of helpless M. Besusolell a bleeding gash in his fore- men piled together in the hold.

Casotte alone was untouched. He stood silently where he had been dancing me, pitch 'em into the hold," cried Culbert.

And the bound men were kicked and rolled and dragged along the deck to an open hatch, and tumbled roughly through t, one upon the other. Culbert turned to Casotte. "What are you doing here?" he asked.

In reply Casotte began to laugh his pecu dance song, and his light feet began again their dance.
"Fool nigger, scared out of his wits,"

grunted Culbert, giving Casotte a kick that sent him across the deck.

Casotte's Joy Because He Was Rid of a Master.

And still Casotte continued to laugh, "What are you laughing at? you fool!" shouted Culbert. "I laugh because I am free! I was a slave

you have made me free! See! I dance! See And around and around he moved, his

arms waving gavly, his open mouth shouting forth its laughing melody.
"I have belong to M. Beausoleil," shouted the negro. "I cook for the dogs—the beasts. He beats me. Now you have got him tied. You will let me beat him. Then you cut his throat." y you are the cook?" interrupted

Culbert. les, monsieur: I cook for the beaststhe dogs you have put in the kennel!".

And his laugh was a low, broad, far-

reaching guffaw.
"What's your name?" asked Culbert.
"Casotte," answered the negro. "Well, Casotte, stop your infernal laugh and get me a rousing supper here in half

The negro began to shout again, He doubled himself together like a swayed from side to side, and fell to the floor in a paroxysm of mirth. "What's the matter now, you fool!"

from there and get my supper."
"Yes, monsieur. But I must laugh for once more. See! There is good food! And I laugh to think that you will eat it—you and your brave men, monsieur le General!" broke into another fit of laughter, and danced his way toward the cooking-room of the barge.

shouted Culbert, kicking him again. "Get up

Casotte's Feast for Pirates and the Beginning of the End.

Casotte cooked away, and laughed as he cooked. In half an hour he had set before he hungry pirates such a feast as they had not tasted in all their wild lives. And with it he gave them wine-rare old wine that the rich merchant Maxant of New Orleans was sending to the stepson of his dead partner, Pierre Laclede Liguest.

Culbert drank as though the wine were water. Then he called for more, and Caotte rolled a cask of brandy upon the deck, Cullert burst in the head with his mighty fist and summoned his men to drink. They took the fiery liquid into their throats by the cupful, growing, first, bolsterous, then

The Death Struggle, and the Passing of Culbert.

The next instant his throat was between the fingers of Casotta

The pirate leader struggled with the power of an ox. His thick fingers gripped the negro's slender wrists, and his heavy arms

strained with a force that would have broken the bones of a Hon, Slowly the slender fingers of the negro were drawn apart. But as they yielded they tore skin and flesh from Culbert's throat.

The pirate screamed with pain and partly relaxed his hold upon Casotte's wrists. Instantly they slipped from his grasp, and his own wrists were caught as in a vise. It was a grip that would not yield. There was the cracking of tense muscles as Culbert's arms were forced downward until

they were straight, drawn backward,pressed closer together behind him and forced steadily upward-up-up-until there came a sudden twist, the sound of a breaking bone, and a piercing howl that was half a curse and half a cry for mercy. Casotte quickly released his hold upon the pirate's wrists, threw his arms about his body, lifted him, still screaming and

cursing and pleading, clear of the floor, ran ightly to the edge of the deck and pitched him into the treacherous, muddy current. What could the pirate leader do, with a broken arm and a torn throat against the might of the Mississippi? Nothing, except to cry out in fear, and go down with his cry

The Return to New Orleans and "l'Annee des Dix Bateaux."

Casotte hurriedly released the bargemen and together they attacked the still sleeping pirates. History states that within the space of three minutes Casotte pitched fourteen of the pirates into the river; that he beat them back or shot them as they attempted to climb upon the barge. It is possible that history is wrong as to the time consumed by Casotte in that work; but certain it is that he and the members of the crew threw every one of the pirates into the river. Some got ashore, but most of them drowned or were killed when they sought to clamber upon the barge. M. Beausoliel seems to have been faint-

hearted, for instead of continuing his journey to St. Louis, barely 100 miles away, he turned the bow of his barge downstream and made hosts to New Orleans. There he reported his experience with the pirates and Governor General Miro ordered that in future trading barges should go in fleets.

In the following spring ten keel boats started together up the river. Each was armed with a swivel gun, and the purpose of their commanders was to capture or kill armed with a swivel gun, and the purp the pirates if they could be found.

But they were never found. On the banks of Cottonwood Creek a cabin, some cases of guns and the wrecks of half a dozen barges were discovered; but there were no pirates, and from that day to this there has the cupful, growing, first, bolsterous, then mandlin, and at last falling about the deck in drunken stupor.

Culbert alone kept his head. He continued to drink and roared volumes of curses at his men who could not stand the liquor and the liquor

his men who could not stand the liquor, and while doing this he was stamping his way would say, "the year of the ten boats."

unusual power of mind to the training

given his hands in the process of masterng well three trades in the days of his

slavery. He also gives it as his opinion

that in five out of ten cases the most

trustworthy colored man in any Southern

who learned a trade while a slave. He mays little or nothing of the negro's

social or political standing, evidently think-

ing that those things will come in due

time, and when the negroes themselves

amunity to-day will be found to be one

Will Celebrate Her Ninety-Second Birthday on April 1.

Mrs. Nancy Palmer, Who Came to Missouri in 1830 and Has Been a Republic Reader for 60 Years, Is Still Enjoying Life.

hrothers and sisters, three sons and numer-ous grandchildren, has recovered from the physical injury and nervous shock occasioned by being thrown from a buggy which was in collision with a street car, and is still enjoying life with as light a heart and as newspapers, and especially of The Republic, bright a face as though she were but 60.

It is only within the past two years that per sixty years ago. Through it she has

It is only within the past two years that Mrs. Palmer has become physically enfeebled. She is not an invalid even now—mation, and has kept in close touch with the not by any means; but only in the brightest news of not only the city and State, but of not by any means; but only in the brightest and balmiest weather does she venture out with her daughter, Mrs. Virginia Shaffer of No. 728 North Newstead avenue, for a drive, Now and then she attends services at the Delmar Avenue Baptist Church, of which she is a devout member, and of whose pastor, the Reverend Doctor J. T. M. Johnson, she is a great admirer and firm friend.

"I could go to church first an avail as a will be served by the city and State, but of the nation and the whole world. Now, being unable to do her own reading, she has it done for her; and the most pleasant hours of her day are those during which she listens to the soft voice of her youngest daughter, Mrs. Shaffer, reading aloud the day's news.

"Oh, I can see the pictures," corrected the nation and the whole world. Now, being the nation and the most pleasant hours of her day are those during which she listens to the soft voice of her youngest tens.

On April 1 Mrs. Nancy R. Palmer will celebrate her ninety-second birthday. She has been twice widowed, has survived seven

could enjoy the sermon, too."

The greatest regret Mrs. Palmer has is that defective vision, developed in recent years, prevents her from reading. Until a short while ago she was a great reader of

he is a great admirer and firm friend. "Oh, I can see the pictures," corrected
"I could go to church just as well as anythe generable lady when it was suggested

that it was unfortunate that she could no longer enjoy that feature of modern jour-nalism. "If they are well printed, and there is not too much black about them, I can make them out nicely. But I can't read the small type."

Casotte threw back his head and laughed. I

stature and slight of build; but there was

the strength of a giant and the agility of

a panther in the limbs of that small body. His face was light brown in color; his

The period in this latter sentence was a patient and resigned little laugh.

Mrs. Palmer tells of the December, seventy-one years ago, when she came with her parents. Captain and Mrs. Jo Garrett, in wagons from Henry County, Virginia, to the great West. Six weeks was consumed in the trip, which now requires but a day and a half. The family settled near St. Charles, but in St. Louis County. A year later Colonel Daniel Martin, her sweetheart back in the Old Dominion, came to claim her as his bride. She went with him to Warren County, Missouri, where they re-sided until his death in 1844.

The widow came to St. Louis then that she might better educate her three sons and two daughters. Her house was on Market street near Fifth. After seven years of widowhood she married William Palmer, who was a neighbor of her parents, and lived with him near St. Charles until his death in 1883. Then she came to St. Louis, and has since made her home with her two daughters. Mrs. J. H. Kennedy of Clinton, Mo., and Mrs. Virginia Shaffer of

Last spring Mrs. Palmer and Mrs. Shaffer were driving near Delmar avenue and King's highway when their buggy was struck and overturned by a street car, Both women were thrown out and severely injured. Mrs. Palmer's wrist was broken and she and her daughter sustained deep scalp wounds. It was feared that Mrs. Palmer would not recover from the shock,

but she rallied bravely.

Mrs. Palmer counts as one of her best friends, the famous Colonel D. P. Dyer, whom she has known since he was a very young man. She and Colonel Dyer have had many political arguments, for Mrs. Palmer is a stanch Democrat, while she calls Colonel Dyer "a black Republican." Mrs. Palmer's other good friend, Doctor Johnson, promises her a great reception when she completes her century of life on April 1, 1909, but she insists that she "does

April 1, 1909, but she insists that she "does not want to live to grow old," and 100 years, she contends, is quite old. Mrs. Palmer has thirteen grandchildren, and fifteen great-grandchildren, most of whom live in St. Louis and Missouri. One of her granddaughters, Mrs. Nancy Sears, daughter of Mrs. Shaffer and the wife of Fred Sears, formerly of St. Louis, now lives in St. Paui.

WESTWARD COURSE OF CIVILIZATION'S MARCH.

To the Editor of The Sunday Republic. I suggest as a feature of the World's Fair a panoramic display showing the westward progress of civilization, which has now almost completed the circuit of Start in the Far East with China, show-

start in the Far East with China, showing the Temple of Heaven, or the Temple of Confuctus; India, with the Taj Mahai, the finest building extant; Babylon, or the Hanging Gardens; Egypt, the Pyramids, which could be used as observation towers; Greece, the Parthenon, Acropolis and Stadium, in which Olympian games could be given; Rome, St. Peter's and the Collseum; Spain, the Alhambra; France, the Louvre, and pethaps the storming of the Bastile; England, Westminster Abbey, Balmoral Castle, London Bridge; the Spanish American countries, typical buildings; Mexico, a facsimile of the volcano Popocatapeti; United States, exact counterparts of the different State capitols.

If Forest Park is selected as the site the River des Peres could be used to represent the Mississippi River, and on it could be shown everything of importance—De Sctodiscovering the Mississippi, and other historical incidents; the Eads jetties, the Eads Bridge, scenery, engineering possibilities, such as portable jetties, dredging, overflow reservoirs, etc. We could show what was done in Egypt with the River Nie—how they took care of its overflow waters, or we might reproduce the Euphrates.

JUL A. MARTIN.

No. 718 Bayard avenue, St. Louis.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON TELLS HOW HE CAME "UP FROM SLAVERY."

Booker T. Washington has written the story of his life. The book is called "Up From Slavery. An Autobiography." Com-ing just at this time it seems almost an answer to the harsh criticism of the negro race which has been embodied in William Hannibal Thomas's "The American Negro." Mr. Thomas is a negro, but not a Southern negro, and he did not become acquainted with the conditions of negro life in the South until 1871, when he went to South Carolina in the interests of negro education. He takes the pessimist's view of the progress of his race. To him the negro is deplorably bad. On the other hand, Booker T. Washing-

ton is an optimist. He writes particular-ly of his own struggles, and the two books are dissimilar in purpose. Mr. Thomas admits that Mr. Washington's work at kegee is admirable, but he agrees with the latter in condemning the majority of the latter in condemning the majority of the negro clergymen and teachers. There are other points of agreement. Both are of the opinion that a mistake was made in granting the franchise to the negro. They units in thinking that it is in the knowledge and practice of agriculture and a course. and practice of agriculture and a country

and practice of agriculture and a country life that the negro's best hope lies.

Booker Washington is proud of his record, as he tells it in his life story. He shows much gratitude to all who have aided him. He says that he is proud of his race and has never wished to belong to any other. When a ragged, dirty little boy of 12 Washington made his journey on foot from his home in West Virginia to Hampton Institute. Arriving at Richmond without money tute. Arriving at Richmond without m he slept under a wooden sidewalk for many nights, while he carned enough money during the day around the wharves to car-ry him on to Hampton. Not many years afterwards a great reception was tendered to him in this same city of Richmond. Such contrasting incidents are numerous in

his life.

From the day when a little slave, Booker carried his young mistress's books to the schoolhouse door, and so caught a glimpse of the children studying within, he longed to go to school. He was a good-sized youth when the opportunity came, but he had learned, by solitary study, all that a Webster's spelling book could teach him, and even mastered the making of the number "18," which was always stamped on the barrels in the salt furnace where he worked, after the emancipation. His entrance examination at Hampton was an rance examination at Hampton was an order to sweep a recitation-room, a task which he was so eager to do to perfection that he swept the room three times and dusted it four times before he was sails-fied, says a reviewer in the New York Times. One can imagine the joy in his face when the teacher told him that he seemed worth admitting and straightway appointed him janitor, thus enabling him to earn his board entirely by work. His tu-tion was paid by some kindly friend of the institute, his clothing generally came out of gift barrels from the North, and his books were borrowed from his mates.

and according to the ideas of Booker T. Washington. He went to Tuskegee on the invitation of two gentlemen of the town and began work with thirty pupils in a tumble-down shanty with the colored Methodist Church as an annex. Very soon he obtained money enough to purchase an old abandoned plantation in the neighborhood. THE HARDEST TASK

task he has encountered in his school, sside from procuring enough money to run it, has been the convincing of his students that it is a good thing for them to learn these trades. Most of them have come to the school with the idea that by educating themselves they can for the future avoid all manual labor. It is a rule avoid a state of the school with the idea that by educating themselves they can for the future avoid. all manual labor. It is a rude shock for a man (for most of the students are grown men and women) with such an idea to be put to making bricks or digging a cellar, or for a woman who has come with the ex-pectation of studying Latin and literature

equipped, not only with good mental training, but with a special knowledge about some one trade that will make them of use to any community. MOST TRUSTWORTHY OF COLORED MEN TRAINED IN SLAVERY. Among those who have sided him at Tuskeges Mr. Washington mentions an exslave as one upon whom he has always depended for advice and guidance, and he says that, since the man has never been to school a day in his life, he attributes his

obtained money enough to purchase an old abundaned plantation in the neighborhood.

THE HARDEST TASK
IN SCHOOL.

Mr. Washington admits that the hardest gee in ever-increasing numbers and go out



time, and when the negroes themselves have learned them. In a speech delivered before a congressional committee in Washington in 1896 to secure Government help for the Atlanta Exposition, Mr. Washington emphasized the fact that while the negro should not be deprived by unfair means of the franchise, political agitation would not be franchise, political agitation would not sheuld not be deprived by untair means or
the franchise, political agitation would not
save him, and that back of the ballot he
must have property, industry, skill, economy, intelligence, and character, and that
mo race without these elements could permanently succeed.

A chapter which the author devotes to
his methods of raising money is full of
good humor and good sense, and it reveals
in a marked manner the superior and endearing traits of Booker T. Washington's
character. A man who receives thousands
of dollars in trust from such men as Collis
P. Huntington, Andrew Carnegie, Morris
E. Jesup, and others like them, must be a
person of most convincing worth. Mr.
Washington says that all he has ever had
to do in collecting money was to give people of wealth an opportunity to hely, and
that he has nowhere met such a fine spirit
of generosity as in Boston. that he has nowhere met such a fine spirit of generosity as in Boston.

Likewise, it is far too early to do any guessing as to the particular attractions that would be given at those two houses in the event that they be kept open all the year. Of course, they would be first-class; but that is all that can be said of them just now. At Chicago there were many theatrical ventures that never got beyond the constructive stage; a larger host never got any functive stage; a larger host never got any further than the promoters. All visitors to that hig fair remember the huge monument to the failure of Steel Mackay's plan to build a gigantic amphitheater in which the sports of ancient Greece were to be reproduced. A mint of money was sunk in the venture, and still it was never carried through the constructive period. The building was never finished, and the shows were never siven. never given.
I believe I am safe in predicting that some

I believe I am safe in predicting that some great scenio production will be the theatrical amusement feature of the St. Louis World's Fair. It will be something after the order of Ben Hur"—probably not "Ben Hur" its self, but something on the gigantic scale of that wonderfully produced play. It will be given in a place that is especially suited to such performances, with an enormous stage, and a vast number of supernumeraries; with magnificent scenery, and with a finish that will rival any actual pageant of ancient or modern times.

I am not prophesying now; but I will dare I am not prophesying now; but I will dare to suggest the possibility of some great Louisiana Purchase spectacle being shown.

Louisiana Purchase spectacle being shown. It may be operatic, or dramatic, or boths but certainly it will have much wealth of scenery and huge armies of people. There is certainly enough material in Louisiana Purchase history to give foundation for such a work; and perhaps somebody will choose the right incident, evolve the right story, and be successful enough to get it into the hands of the right manager for presentation to the public along with the mammoth celebration in honor of the greatest internabration in honor of the greatest interna-tional deal in real estate that was ever con-



Mrs. Nancy Palmer, who will celebrate her 92nd birthday on April 1.